

# MOTHER'S PIES

They were delicious for two reasons—she knew how to make them, and SHE USED THE BEST OF FLOUR.

The flour that made her pies famous was no better or purer than our universally praised



## Glen Lily

brand, which we are supplying in enormous quantities to the people of this community. It is one of the highest grades of flour in the world today, and has won for itself a name that is as famous as mother's celebrated pies.

If there is ANYONE hereabouts who is not using this flour we want them to try it. You may want to duplicate mother's pies—and you can.

### GARRARD MILLING CO.

LANCASTER, KY.

#### Declines \$1,000

##### Offer For Dog.

Sam L. Woodridge has refused a bona fide offer of \$1,000, made by Walker & Huyler, Paint Lick, Ky., for his stud foxhound, Big Stride, sire of more winners the past season in both bench and field shows than any three other foxhounds in America. Big Stride is a championship winner and in the Mississippi show, held last week on Paul Rainey's estate he carried off first honors in both the all-age stake and the field trials. His book for 1921 is filling at a fee of \$50.

#### Homespun Philosophy.

Swimming is our idea of clean sport. A smile beats a barrel of liver medicine. No man will be down and out if he's up and doing. Life seems to be merely the pay-

ing of one bill right after another. The world is getting so crowded that we presume the cows will soon begin to give condensed milk.

The fish liar is preparing to hunch over and make room for the fellow who killed sixteen at one shot.

After looking'em over carefully, we have come to the conclusion that most complexions are put on by union painters.

Some ball players blame all their shortcomings on the umpire, and some men lay all their mistakes to their wives.

A pressmist, my son, is a chap who thinks he is getting the worst of a fifty-fifty deal unless he receives the hyphen.

It is no longer stylish to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth. It should be gold.

Down, down, down, goes the price of oil, and up, up, up, stays the price of gas. And gas, you know, is made from oil.

#### LOBSTER-ROMANCE

By MARY CONNELLY.

No matter what their respective occupations or social standing during the winter months, on this particular occasion they were simply a fisherman and his sweetheart going lobster catching at 5 o'clock of a summer's morning, and as the man steered for the open sea he divided his attention between the girl opposite him and the brightly painted buoys which bobbed in the green water, marking the place where the lobster pots lay hidden.

Sea-gulls screamed overhead, and occasionally skimmed the water gracefully a few yards from the side of their boat. "Mother Carey's chickens" with their ministerial coats of black and white fluttered to within a few feet of them in answer to the fisherman's coaxing whistle; and now and then a buoy floated calmly by with a solitary mackerel-duck as passenger. The sun rose higher and higher, and the southwest wind sent the salt spray into their faces as they sped over the water.

The fisherman spoke for the first time since they had become entangled in the rope of a buoy.

"Here's a trap I haven't pulled for a week," he said, as he leaned over the side of the boat and drew the line toward him. The sound of his voice, quite normal and showing no hint of the conflicting emotions that had been going on within his breast that morning, gave him courage. He turned toward the girl, a half-smile on his lips.

"Let's bet on it," she suggested, and she returned his smile quietly.

"It will be empty," she said, beginning to show interest.

He laughed merrily. "Impossible!" he exclaimed; "after a week there ought to be something here. It's near rocks, too. If you lose," he added, "you pay a forfeit, you know."

There was complete silence as he drew the pot from the bottom hand over hand, and as it came to the surface covered with damp seaweed and full of tiny star fish, they both leaned over it eagerly.

"Empty!" exclaimed the girl, as she sank back in her seat with a little laugh of triumph. The man dropped the trap back into the water and flung the dripping buoy angrily from him. Her laughter hurt him in his disappointment.

"We'll have to try three times," he told her; "it's the only way to make it fair for both of us."

Again he stopped the motor and caught at the buoy as it swept past. The game was growing exciting and the girl came and stood beside him. She wasn't exactly sure whether or not she wanted to win this time. As the trap neared the surface he closed his eyes and guessed quickly.

"There'll be two," he said, almost grimly, as he unfurled the little door. A perch imprisoned within sent the salt water into his eyes with its terrified flapping, and it was a moment or two before he could examine the contents of his trap. One large lobster, and, yes, hidden in one corner, a little chicken lobster. He measured it critically and then smiled.

"Nine and one-half inches," he told her, "I win this time."

Preparations were made for the third and final catch. A snow-capped wave sent a white buoy bobbing into view and the girl felt a little tug at her heart-strings as she watched the man lean over and pull it from the water. Suddenly, with all her heart, she prayed that he would lose. The game had gone too far. She saw it in his eager glance and felt it in the quickened beating of her own heart. It seemed almost as though her liberty were slowly slipping from her, and she wanted so much to be always free. It was her turn to guess, and she glanced about her quickly. They were far out to sea by this time, and the rocks were no longer visible. She repeated her first bet.

"It will be empty here," she said. "He looked at her and sighed. "I was afraid that you would say that," he said gravely. "I seldom get much out here at the present time."

Hand over hand he drew in the rope until the trap rested dripping upon the side of the boat. He cleared away the seaweed and looked into the trap while the girl sat with averted head almost as though it mattered nothing to her how it would all come out. Then a glad little chuckle from her companion made her turn, and she saw him standing with a giant lobster held by the back. She did not know whether to be angry or glad, but as she saw the unmistakable look of happiness in his eyes she began to smile at him. Hurriedly he snapped the lobster's claws and cast it into the barrel. Instinctively they both felt that fate had decided more than a mere forfeit for them. Shutting off the motor he came toward her, and suddenly realized that she was undeniably glad to see him coming.

Whether or not the man asked the girl the all-important question that summer's morning has not been decided, for at the time the last catch was taken they were three miles out, and all jurisdiction over them had ceased, but sufficient it is to say, that when the boat came to shore an hour or so later they were sitting together upon the seat above the engine, looking as though they had found a pot of gold at the end of the sun-path they had followed that morning.

#### Live Stock News

##### TIME TO PURCHASE FEEDERS

No Hard and Fast Rule for Farmer to Go By—Cattle Are Higher in Spring Than in Fall.

Sim Baxter's right leg was in temporary retirement under a layer of arnica-soaked bandages. He regarded the injured member with a glint of rueful humor and spoke thus to a neighbor who had dropped in for a chat with the cheerful invalid.

"Port, tell me somethin'. How can a feller tell when a mean white mule named Anarchy is goin' to kick? I mean, how can he tell in time to do him any good?"

"Human knowledge goes no further than to say that a white mule is all ways goin' to kick. Is that the answer? Then let me ask you a question: How do you know whether to buy your 'feeder' steers in the fall or in the spring? Do you make anything by feeding them in the winter, and will you make more if you let the other feller feed 'em through? They cost more in the spring than in the fall. Is there any way to be certain?"

Sim admitted that the thing was past his comprehension and confessed that he sometimes did the thing one way and sometimes the other, but that he never knew just how he was coming out.

In reality, as to the time to buy stockers or feeders, there is no hard and fast rule. The usual time is in the fall when they must leave the grazing areas and go where feeds have been harvested or stored for cattle feeding. However, with a falling market, which no one can foretell with any degree of certainty, the cattle may not be worth enough more in the spring to pay for the winter feeding. Yet they have been kept largely on feed for which there is no other market.

Consequently, what Sim and his neighbor should know is how much it costs to keep stockers through the winter on various rations, how they lose or gain weight, and how they gain through the summer as a result of the way they have been wintered. Being in a better position to carry on feeding experiments to answer these questions than the cattlemen, the bureau of animal industry, co-operating with the West Virginia experiment station, conducted a series of feeding tests in Greenbrier county, West Virginia. The experiments began December 22, 1914, and covered a period of four years, the results being now



Turning Steers into Beef.

published in department bulletin 870. In brief, 30 yearling steers were selected each year and divided into three lots of ten steers each. When the lots were carefully equalized, the average weight of the animals was 663 pounds each. The steers were on winter rations an average of 130 days, and on pasture an average of 158 days each year.

The tests proved that an average daily ration of 19.8 pounds of silage, five pounds of mixed hay, and 2.5 pounds of wheat straw during the winter would maintain these steers without loss of weight.

An average daily ration of 23.1 pounds of corn silage, 4.9 pounds of wheat straw and one pound of cottonseed meal would give each steer an average gain of 62 pounds.

A daily ration of 11.9 pounds of mixed hay and 4.1 pounds of wheat straw fed throughout the winter will not keep the animal in good condition. This ration was responsible for a loss of 35 pounds per steer. Corn silage gave better results than dry roughage alone, and the steers that had silage as a part of their winter ration made greater total gains than those fed on hay and straw.

The cost of feed averaged throughout the four years was as follows: Corn silage ..... \$1.60 Mixed hay ..... \$3.00 Rye hay ..... \$3.00 Soy-bean hay ..... \$1.50 Wheat straw ..... \$1.00 Cottonseed meal ..... \$6.00

The bulletin records feeding tests that will be extremely valuable to the farmers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee and the adjacent states, and for them it does much to answer the question that puzzled Sim and his friends. The bulletin may be had on application to the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

##### Porker and Runt.

A plump little pig is a porker, but a puny pig is a runt.

## DON'T COME HERE UNLESS YOU WANT

## QUALITY AND QUANTITY

This general store carries a general line of practically everything for the home, the office, the shop, the farm, the garden, and gives you quantity and quality in every article you buy.

We do not care to "blow" too much about what we can do for you. We much prefer to have you come here and find out for yourself, as most of the shrewd buyers in this community are doing.

### NEW SPRING GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

Best grade Gingham 15 to 20 cents a yard.

Best Calico 12½ to 15 cents a yard.

9x12 Japanese Matting Rugs ..... \$6.00

Overalls, just arrived, ..... \$1.75.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID for COUNTRY PRODUCE

### Thos. S. Pieratt,

BUCKEYE, KY.

#### TEATERSVILLE

Miss Zella Mae Hume is visiting her sister, Mrs. Willie Anderson at Nina.

Mrs. Lucy Jones spent part of last week with her sister, Mrs. J. D. Hobbit.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Yeater were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ray Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. James Hume and Mrs. Walter Hume were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Ray Friday.

Messrs. Reed Sebastian and Carl Hume spent Sunday with Messrs. Ophelia Jones and Hamilton Ray.

Tankage, the ideal feed for growing hogs—Bran, Mixed Feed, Ground Barley, Hudson and Farnau.

Mr. and Mrs. Dee Ward, of Edenton were the week-end guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Hume.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hume are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Crutcher.

Misses Bertha and Myrtle Hume and Miss Emma Simpson were entertained Sunday afternoon by Misses Ora and Mollie Oliver.

Mr. Amos Oliver and son, Claud and two daughters, Misses Ora and Mollie, after spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Tom Davidson in Lexington, have returned home.

Wire Fence Bargain—We are selling the Sterling wire fence, 47 inches high, with 6 inch stays, No. 10 bottom, with No. 12 intermediate and stay wire, at 77 cents a rod, delivered in Lancaster. Phone 365-R. Thos. S. Pieratt, Buckeye, Ky.

Miss Mattie Bolton and Mr. Charlie D. Prather were united in the holy bonds of matrimony in Lancaster, Feb. 17th. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bolton, while the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Prather. He is to be congratulated on winning the one of his choice. There many friends wish them a long and happy life together.

## FEED AND HITCH STABLE

I wish to announce to my friends and customers that I have just opened a modern

### VETERINARY HOSPITAL WITH HITCH AND FEED STABLE

CONNECTED, where I am prepared to care for all hitches or can furnish hay or feed if desired.

My veterinary office and hospital is located in the same building, which can be found on Buford street, opposite Conn Brothers shop. Phone 317.

### Dr. Printus Walker

LANCASTER, KY.

## Furniture

### Prices Reduced

Full stock of goods on hand

Our prices are reduced from 25 to 40 per cent on all of the following goods, for cash:

BED ROOM SUITES	RUGS
DINING ROOM SUITES	FLOOR LAMPS
PARLOR SUITES	WOOD BEDS
ROCKERS	DRESSERS
DINERS	DRESSING TABLES
TRUNKS	MATTRESSES
CHIFFOROBES	COOK STOVES
WARDROBES	RANGES & HEATERS
BABY CARRIAGES	ODD PIECES

### Tribble & Pickett Furniture Co.

Danville's Largest Furniture and Rug Store.